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# LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

## Heathen Women.

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VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1869.

No. 4.

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### LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

#### NUMBER THREE.

ON Monday, I had a pleasant tour to a village five miles from us. We told the teacher of the school, on Sunday, that the following day we would come to his village, and that it was my wish to speak to the women in one of their houses. He is a heathen, but exceedingly kind, and manifested great interest in my plan. There are no Christians in the village ; but we have a good school there, and Mr. C. generally holds a meeting in the schoolhouse, where I went once, but no women were present. I took our bandyman's wife, who, though a heathen, always attends my meetings, and who also belonged, as well as her husband, to this same village to which we were now going. We left before the dawn, the moon bright, the deep-blue sky starry and clear. Mr. C. followed on horseback. As we reached the village, the sun was just up, and even then bright and hot. Men and boys greeted us. As I met the teacher, he cheerfully said, " Every thing is ready ;" and I followed him down a narrow street, lined on either side with mud houses, about the doorways of which were clusters of dark, wondering faces. A turn around a corner,

and we entered a roomy court, with apartments on each side, and a low doorway in front.

“Is not this a good large place?” asked the teacher. It surely was. The broad, covered platforms before the rooms were three feet above the court, from which I looked up at the sky. A mat had been spread, and a box furnished me with a seat. I sent the bandyman’s wife for her relatives. The women flocked in, the more intelligent sitting about me on the platform. Others gathered in the court; and I found that I had the best possible place for seeing the faces of all. Having asked the teacher — who had been usefully employed at the door, in telling the men and boys that they were not wanted — to invite all outsiders to the schoolhouse, I said to the women, after obtaining silence, “Now I am going to say a few words to you: do you think you will understand me?”

“No,” replied a woman with a noisy baby: “we shall not understand you.”

“Yes, you will,” rejoined our bandyman’s little wife, “if you do not talk yourselves.”

So I began the story of the Indian woman in Martha’s Vineyard. I have always had a good meeting with that narrative.

“Who knows what an island is? I am going to tell you about a woman who lived on one.”

“One of her kind of plates, I suppose,” said a tall, good natured woman, turning to my little helper, who was not quite sure herself, but who instantly brightened up, saying, “It’s one kind of a village.”

“Can you go in a bandy?” I asked, to which a woman replied, “If it isn’t the rainy season.” I soon made them understand what an island was; whereupon my little woman, who had been much interested in our Sabbath-lessons on Paul’s shipwreck, began to talk about a ship. Having suggested the postponement of this subject, I said, “There were four villages on this island, and in one of them lived a black woman like you, my

elder sister," addressing a nice-looking woman, loaded with jewels.

"Tell, tell!" exclaimed she.

Just here, a cross-looking man came to the door, and snappishly asked a bright young woman near me, "What she had left pounding paddy for?" — "Let me alone," she replied: "I want to hear this!" But, in spite of my entreaties, he insisted upon her going to her work.

"Was she married?" asked the jewelled woman.

"Yes," I replied; "but she had one great sorrow."

"Tell, tell!" cried a dozen voices; for these people have no idea of the formality of a meeting.

"What was her sorrow?" I asked.

"Perhaps he beat her," suggested one. "Hadn't she any children?" asked another.

"She had had five children," I replied; "and every one died before it was ten days old."

"*Iyo! Iyo!*" they cried; and here the heart-sorrows came forth, and short histories of their dead children were recited. This was something they understood, and I let them comment on the subject.

"At last," I continued, "the sixth baby was born: and was the mother happy?"

"No, indeed," said one: "this baby will die. What happiness in that?" "Were there no doctors there?" asked another. "That was very heavy trouble, *ammal*," remarked the teacher's wife.

A woman now came in, who seemed to have the respect of all; and the jewelled woman repeated every thing that I said, adding, "Come and listen!"

"When this child was four days old, the mother carried it out in a field, and sat on a stone."

"In six days must it die?" asked the teacher's wife.

"Sorrow indeed!" ejaculated another.

“She looked at it with many tears. Medicine was of no use : she could only gaze at it till it died, and then lay it away with the other five. While thus sad, she saw a bush growing beautifully, and ready to blossom. ‘Why don’t the bush die?’ she said ; and then she thought, “Why did I not die when a baby?’”

Here, as I reviewed my story, and was glad to find it entirely understood, a woman came noisily in, not even making salaam to me. The children, who had been very still, now became uproarious, and for some five minutes there was an interruption. As the new-comer would not be quiet, I insisted on her leaving.

“This sorrowful mother said to herself, ‘There must be somebody who kept this bush and myself from dying. He must be a Great One, and I wish I could find him!’”

“Wasn’t he in another village?” inquired a woman. “Didn’t they have any ‘Swamy’ there?”

“Can that stone Swamy keep your child from dying?” I replied. “If you had been with that mother, would you have said, ‘The stone Swamy in my village will keep your baby alive’?”

An open expression of incredulity overspread her face. She put her hand to her mouth, as if to say, “You have caught me now!”

“Did the baby die?” asked one.

“The mother said, ‘This Great One must be near, and I will ask him to keep my baby alive.’ And so she spoke out loud, and asked the Great One to keep her baby from dying ; and she went to her house with much peace. The tenth day came, and the baby lived!”

It was interesting to see these women exchange looks of gladness.

“Now,” I continued, “would that woman forget the Great One who had done this thing?”

“No,” answered one: “she must try to make some fine present.”

“What present could she make to Him who called the world His own? She gave her child, and spoke out loud to Him every



day. She knew He was there, if she could not see Him, because she felt so happy afterwards." I finished the story much in this way. They seemed interested; but it was more of a task to make them comprehend spiritual truth. They understood when I called the 'speaking out loud,' prayer; also the evidences which I mentioned of a good God, who continually cared for us. But when I tried to show how all were sinners, and how they had entirely forgotten this great Father, I felt that they did not perceive it. Even some of our simplest words for salvation and holiness they did not know at all. How could their hearts be touched by the love of Christ to them, if they did not see why such love was needed? Many times I have thought of the words, "He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." I spoke of sin and our Saviour as I have done before, in the faith that in the great outpouring of the Spirit yet surely to come to India, my words will be revived in some heart.

It was a very pleasant occasion to me, and the women cordially invited me to come again.

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## CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS ANDREWS.

TUNGCHOW, June 1.

MISS ANDREWS communicates the following information about her work:—

### A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL.

"In the fall, finding several women and young girls in our neighborhood anxious for instruction, we commenced a school. One woman, who wished herself and little girl to learn, allowed us the use of her room. We went every day, teaching all who wished it to read, and to sing our sweet Sabbath-school hymns. With the latter they were especially delighted; and we could but

hope that the truth presented in that attractive form would make a deep impression. As might be expected, our class was somewhat irregular. A few were much interested, but many came from curiosity, or some other motive. Occasionally our little room was thronged ; at other times only four or five were present. We worked on through the winter, and a great many heard more or less of salvation through Jesus. Our labor was not in vain : from several houses idols have been cast out, and prayer rises daily to the living God. Last Sabbath we welcomed to our little church, which was established during the winter, four women, two of whom first heard and were interested in the truth at our school. For one or two others we have hope."

#### VILLAGE WORK.

"During the spring, Mrs. Chapin and myself have been attempting some village work. Mounted on our donkeys, with one of the boys as a companion, we take long rides in the surrounding villages, stopping whenever an opportunity offers for talking with the people. Sometimes we ride through a village, and no one will pay the least attention to us ; at another place, particularly if it is our first visit, a crowd will gather to look at us ; but if we stop, or turn towards them, they are frightened, and run away. In other places the people will throng around, and ask questions about our ages, relationship, clothing, &c. ; and a few will listen with some interest to the truth. In this way the Saviour has been held up in many villages."

#### CONVERSION OF A TEACHER.

"The study of the language I enjoy much. During the year I have had the happiness of seeing my teacher yield to the Saviour. Long and hard was the struggle before he could renounce Confucianism, and accept Jesus ; but the decision, once made, was final. He is now an earnest, warm-hearted Christian. His conversion was in answer to many prayers. I hope he may become a native helper."

## LETTER FROM MISS PAYSON.

MISS PAYSON writes from Foochow, June 10:—

## A USEFUL GRADUATE.

“We have now twenty pupils, in addition to two married women who have come to stay a year or two and learn to read, while their husbands, in Mr. Noodin’s ‘Training-School’ in the city, are preparing, by a short course, to become preachers. One of our graduates, about nineteen years of age, renders herself very useful as teacher of the younger pupils, presiding with much dignity, opening the morning exercises with prayer, leading the singing, &c. Her young sister, a member of the church, having been betrothed when an infant to a heathen, was married some time since, and has been very badly beaten and ill-treated by her husband and his relatives, because she refused to work on the Sabbath: she stands in great dread of him. We can only pray God to give her strength to endure the heavy cross.”

## AN AGED SCHOLAR.

“Few of the women know how to read, and it is quite difficult to interest them in learning. Many, especially the field-women, work hard to earn four or five cents a day, and say they would starve if they took time to learn. Mrs. Hartwell has lately adopted the practice of paying boys and girls, who have been to school, for teaching their mothers and aunts. A few cash, equal to a half-cent, paid for each chapter or hymn taught, is a mere trifle, and yet may be the means of doing much good. One woman over sixty, who chanced to learn to read in youth, has been thus employed, and for a few cents has taught another, a year or two her senior, not only to read the ‘Sermon on the Mount,’ published in tract form, but also a large number of hymns. I went with Mrs. H. to hear the woman read the former, on which she had been engaged two months. Her house

was low and small; in one room, two men were embroidering a handsome scarlet garment for an idol; in the other, perhaps six feet square, we sat on rude benches, and listened to the gray-haired scholar, who, pointing with her finger, slowly named each character of the three chapters, almost without correction, a half-dozen of the neighboring women quietly listening. The woman naïvely remarked, that since she had commenced reading Jesus' words, she had not quarrelled with her neighbors as before. Of the passage, 'Love your enemies,' she said, 'No one can do that: it is impossible.' Mrs. H., of course, explained to her that we could not obey the command if unaided by Christ."

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## INDIA.

Miss R. A. SMITH, Madura, writes encouragingly. Her school consists of fifty-two pupils, who manifest deep interest in their studies.

• "WE'LL TRY!"

She says, "At the close of last term, I reminded them that vacation afforded many opportunities for doing good; and, if they really loved the Saviour, they would make earnest efforts to lead others to Him. Their eager reply was, 'We will try.' The reports they brought back showed that the promise was not forgotten. One endeavored to convince her neighbors of the sin of idol-worship, relating also the story of Christ's sufferings and death. They said, 'What you have told us may be true, but our relatives will punish us if we become Christians.' — 'You need not dread them,' she replied; 'but you must fear God.' To similar objections, another answered, 'Whatever may come, you ought to love Jesus.' A third, to show that they must strive to be saved, quoted, 'Straight is the gate,' &c. Nearly all had related the story of the cross. A

little girl from Madura was urging some children to come to church. 'We cannot : we have no clean clothes' to wear.' She quickly replied, 'The Lord will not look at your clothes, if your heart is clean.' In some cases, their simple arguments seem to awaken a desire to know more of our religion ; but if such a wish was mentioned, in the same breath was added, 'We cannot join you, for our friends and caste would persecute us !' They were assured by their young teachers that the Lord would be kinder than their friends, and that he would never forsake them. Pray for them."

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## TURKEY.

MISS CHARLOTTE E. ELY, Bitlis, writes, under date Aug. 2, —

"By a recent letter from Rev. N. G. Clark, I learned that our wants for a girls' school-building had been made known to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, and that you had promptly and liberally responded, by voting the four hundred and twenty-five dollars necessary. For this pledge of your interest in us and our work, we beg you to accept our heartfelt thanks ; also our warm gratitude for your decision to assume us as your missionaries. It gives us great encouragement to hope that we shall now have a more defined and special place in your sympathies and prayers. The Lord helping us, we shall endeavor so to labor, that your care on our account may bring back to you, through the enlightenment and salvation of souls in this dark land, a rich reward.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

"Bitlis, our missionary-home, being comparatively a new station, and so far interior that it is not often visited by other missionaries, you may perhaps be interested to hear something of its position



and peculiarities. Disembarking at Trebizond on the Black Sea, and proceeding southward by the slow method of horseback travelling, a month's journey brings one to our strange, quaint city, — it being about three hundred miles from Trebizond, and twelve miles from Lake Vau. Exceedingly unlike the compactly built cities of Asiatic Turkey in general, it is emphatically 'a straggling city among the mountains.' It lies about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the steep banks of a branch of the Tigris, — the Bitlis River, — which is for sixty miles a rushing torrent, as it descends a declivity of nearly three thousand feet. The dwellings of its thirty thousand inhabitants are scattered on the slopes and artificial terraces of mountains whose summits rise far above, and so shut us in from the world, that it is fifty minutes after the sun rises, before it is visible. I often look at these mountain walls and reflect, 'So the Lord is round about his people,' till that sweet verse has come to be very precious. One pleasant feature of this Eastern city is the number of trees and gardens, which in summer give it a fresh and inviting look. Mountain springs supply the city with an abundance of excellent water, and in many places mineral springs are found, possessing a variety of medicinal properties. Bitlis is divided into quarters, something like the wards of American cities; but there is great irregularity in the position of every thing. As no wheeled vehicle is used here, there is no approach to a good road. The streets are sometimes quite wide, again mere paths, and always extremely uneven and crooked.

#### BUILDINGS.

“On the terraces and lower slopes of these mountains, till close beside the narrow, rushing river, rise the rude but good-sized dwellings, scarcely distinguishable from the rock on which they stand, and from which their stones are taken. They are built of hewn stone, with flat mud roofs, usually two-storied, and enclosing a small court. The windows are heavily grated, giving the

buildings a decidedly gloomy and prison-like appearance to a new-comer. In summer the windows remain open ; in winter they are covered with oiled paper, glass being rare and expensive. Mr. K. brought the first pane ever seen in Bitlis, less than a dozen years ago, as well as the first mirror and stove. When the natives saw glass, they could with difficulty satisfy themselves that any thing which would admit light could keep out cold ; and to this day a mirror is a profound mystery to many of them.

#### THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

“ You have kindly accepted our judgment as to the necessity of a school-building, and nobly aided us in providing the means. Permit me to tell you, somewhat at length, why a building is requisite for a boarding-school, in distinction from a day-school. From the very scattered condition of the houses, it would be difficult for scholars to attend a day-school, even though there were no other objection. But, added to the distance — which, during our long winters, with their deep snows, often more than twelve feet, it would be impossible for them to walk — is the long established custom, that it is improper for a girl to go in the streets alone. In the present rude and opposing state of society, it is not only wholly contrary to Oriental etiquette for a girl to traverse the public street unattended, but — at least in our city — unsafe. Battling with the arguments, promises, and threats of opponents has chilled many a heart warmed with a desire to know more of the truth ; personal insult and cruelty obliged many a brave, strong man to wait with aching heart for the day of deliverance. And can we suppose that these poor brethren will send their daughters defenceless through the streets, to be laughed and scoffed at ? We do not expect it, and cannot, till the gospel leaven has worked more largely through this great mass of corrupt and sinful humanity. In addition to this, a strong reason for gathering girls together in a boarding-school is found in the fact that Christian influence is much more likely thus to become

a saving power, than when, by a daily return to their homes, they hear the truth controverted and ridiculed.

#### ONLY A GIRL!

“A little incident which occurred at Havordoric, a mountain village about two days’ journey from B., will show how many of the natives look upon the education of girls. Mr. K., while on a tour among the villages of Moosh-plain, spent a night with the chief man of H. The next morning, seeing this man’s daughters toiling up the hill, with heavy loads of wood on their backs, Mr. K. said to the father, ‘Why do you not send your daughters to school, that they may learn to read, be useful and happy?’ To which he replied, ‘They are girls: they cannot learn any thing!’ After some conversation, he admitted that perhaps they could; but, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a peculiar tone of voice, objected, ‘Who would bring the wood and water then?’ Ah! that is it: who will be the slaves and drudges, when these poor women and girls are elevated and Christianized!



### AFRICA.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. EDWARDS.

#### NEED OF SYMPATHY.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for your words of love and cheer, and the assurance that I have “an abiding-place in the sympathies and prayers” of the Christian ladies with whom you are associated. Situated as I am, these loving messages are doubly precious. There are hours when the darkness is so thick that I cannot see the pathway, but only cry, “Lord, take my right hand!” My burden is heavy: I need the grace and strength to lay it upon Jesus.



## SECOND SCHOOL-TERM.

Our first term closed on the 11th of May: the second commenced June 28. There are twenty-two girls, the youngest seven and a half years old, and the eldest fifteen. The school is in favor with the people and the girls themselves. God has turned their minds, and there seems to be a thirsting for knowledge. Mrs. Grout wrote me that two girls, one quite lame, were so anxious to come, that they were willing to walk all the way, a distance of about forty miles. They did walk twelve. To-day a girl begged to be received. Her father is poor, and has attacks of epilepsy; her mother is asthmatic. Her reply, when I asked why she wished to come, was, "*Ugi ya tanda ukufunda*" (I wish to learn). She is a member of the church, and I ought to receive her; but six girls in each sleeping-room are too many; there are five in each now: one has six. The Zulu women are very degraded; even those who are members of the church enjoy sitting in the dirt and taking snuff. The preachers' wives are much inferior to their husbands.

## A HAPPY OLD WOMAN.

A woman came from a kraal to the school on the first of March. I clothed and fed her. She says she is too old to learn with her eyes, but not with her heart. She felt so badly, when I tried to send her away, that I relented. If she was lazy, I should not encourage her to stop; but she is careful of every thing, and, if she knew how, would be neat. The heathen women can do little beyond digging, planting, carrying wood, and making huts. A few mornings since, I found an old woman in the kitchen, who had only a piece of a filthy blanket to cover her; she was cold, and asked for something to keep her warm. I put on her my last colored skirt and a print dress. The poor creature's joy fully repaid me. She thanked me in Zulu, "*Ugi ya bouga*;" but, not satisfied, she asked the girls what she should say in English; and, when I went out again, exclaimed, "Thankee! thankee! *Ugi ya jabula kakulu*. I am very happy!"

## THE CONSECRATED GOLD DOLLARS.

The following extract from a letter by Mrs. CYRUS STONE, who, after many years of labor in India, was compelled, on account of ill health, to return to this country, cannot fail to interest our readers : —

“ I have an intense longing to become a life-member of that blessed ‘ WOMAN’S BOARD OF MISSIONS.’ Earnestly I have prayed for the means whereby I might become so. A few days since, I found a tidy and infant’s bib of past work nearly completed. I said, ‘ Cannot these be sold, and the avails go towards the desired object? Is not this the way God will answer my prayers?’ And, putting on my glasses, the work of finishing these articles was commenced and completed; the mean while praying that many more laborers may go forth to elevate our degraded sex in heathen lands.

“ Should the question arise, why I am so anxious to become a life-member of the WOMAN’S BOARD, I reply, Before my marriage, in the bloom of youth and strength of my days, I gave myself to the work in India. I went out, not knowing one with whom I was to be associated, till a week before we sailed. Bidding farewell to a widowed mother, for seven years I saw none of my former acquaintances, or met any one who knew my relatives.

“ So earnestly is my heart engaged in the zenana work in India, and the salvation of the women in the dark lands of heathenism, that my thoughts by day and dreams by night are with them. Scarcely have I given up the long-cherished hope that my grave might be made beneath the tall cocoanut-trees of that land of idols. My heart thrills with joy when I hear of one and another giving themselves to the Heaven-inspired cause! It is with difficulty I realize that I am not young and strong as in 1835, when I entered the glorious work, — so great is my desire to be again engaged in it.

“ Enclosed please find a gold dollar, sent me a short time since by a former parishioner, to procure delicacies so needful to an invalid. But, dear friends, it is *too* precious to be used in that way ; and the most satisfactory disposition of it, to my mind, is, that it be used to send the knowledge of a Saviour to our sex in benighted lands, and also so much towards the object named. A widow’s mite, indeed ; but Jesus, who sits over against the treasury, can multiply it a thousand fold : and so, this morning, bolstered with pillows on my bed, and about to write you, I again took it in my hand, and reconsecrated it to his holy cause. I asked him, as I could not speak to the poor Hindoo women myself, to use this gold piece for the salvation of some one of those idol worshippers, who might become a star in his crown of rejoicing, in the glorious day of his espousal.”

The gold dollar was not enclosed ; and a piece of paper, stating the fact, slipped out in opening the letter, so that it was supposed to be lost. Considerable anxiety was felt about it ; and the next morning, on reading the letters to a lady, she exclaimed, “ How strange that I should have called this morning ! I have a gold dollar, that was consecrated to the Lord, under peculiar circumstances, twelve years ago ; and for a long while it has been missing, until yesterday, when, in looking over some old papers, it was found. I will now reconsecrate it to the cause of missions, and give it in the place of the one that has been lost.”

Subsequently the first one was remitted, and both have been deposited in the treasury. What if the prayers of these sisters should be answered, and each dollar should be instrumental in saving one soul, and that soul others, and so on, until “ all the earth shall know the Lord ” ! Who can compute the value of the dividend which would be declared on that investment in the great day of final account ?

Are there not other gold dollars that should also be consecrated to the salvation of heathen women ?

## Freely Give.

"For ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor; that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 COR. viii. 9.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—MATT. x. 8.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

Lo ! each breeze bears on its wing  
Moanings of the perishing,  
Who to unblessed graves go down,  
With no hope of palm or crown.  
Christian, canst thou happy wear  
Costly raiment, jewels rare,  
If from all thy store is given  
Naught to aid the lost to heaven ?

Christian, slumbering, canst thou stay  
From the ripening fields away,  
While vast millions throng the road  
Leading swift to death's abode ?  
Gird thee, loiterer, for the strife !  
Spread o'er earth the news of life !  
Self and all be freely given :  
Freely gave the Lord of heaven.

Dear Redeemer, shall it be,  
That we hoard our gifts from thee,  
Serving worldliness and dross,  
Bearing not thy sacred cross ?  
Oh for grace like thee to live !  
Oh for love like thee to give !  
Moved with pity, help us, Lord :  
Bear to all the world thy Word !

## QUARTERLY REPORT.

THE quarterly meeting in November, held in Old South Chapel, was very fully attended.

After the singing of "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," &c., Mrs. Bowker read the 72d Psalm, dwelling upon the passage, "Prayer also shall be made for him continually;" and enforced the duty of praying for Christ by praying for the prosperity of his kingdom. When we pray for missionaries and the success of their labors, when we pray for the silver and the gold to carry on the work, we are fulfilling this prediction. Let us show the sincerity of our prayers by corresponding practice, and heed the command of the Master, who is with us to-day, and says, "Go work in my vineyard."

After prayer by Mrs. Edwin Wright, the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Copp, presented a brief sketch of the Society's work during the last quarter.

Mrs. Bartlett, Treasurer, reported the receipts of the last two months as \$2,122.89, besides \$132.89 for "Life and Light."

Mrs. Gould, Corresponding Secretary, read extracts from a letter of Miss Andrews in China, and also from Mrs. Edwards of the Zulu boarding-school for girls, South Africa, which was full of encouragement in regard to the progress of her work, and asking if some one would not like to give her a melodeon for her school.

Mrs. Dr. Anderson then introduced to the audience Mrs. Fairbank, from the Mahratta Mission, temporarily in this country on account of her husband's health. Mrs. Anderson alluded to her parentage (she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine), and her birthplace upon heathen ground, and related the interesting fact, that, from her earliest years, she had been imbued with a missionary spirit, so that the recreations of childhood had been attempts at missionary labor.

Mrs. Fairbank gave an interesting account of the labors of herself and of several native Bible readers among the women of India, showing how prejudice is giving way, and some time-honored heathen practices invaded. The better class of men now desire to have their wives and daughters educated, and, contrary to long-established custom, a Christian widow has recently been married.

After singing, Mrs. Bowker read a letter from Mrs. Cyrus Stone, expressing a strong desire to become a life-member of the Society, accompanied by some articles made by herself, which she desired might be sold for that object.

Mrs. Bartlett reported the gift of a quilt from a blind woman, and desired that the donor might also be made a life-member.

An appeal from Mrs. Bowker was generously responded to by some of the ladies present; and a sufficient sum was contributed to make the two, life-members of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Grateful mention was made respecting the safe return of our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Miron Winslow, from her European tour, who is now ready to resume the duties of her office.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec'y.*



## ECHO FROM PITTSBURGH.

"Give us a graphic account of the Pittsburgh meeting," said one of our subscribers to us the other day; — "so distinctly photographed, that we in Boston can attend, and breathe its spirit," said another. We shall not attempt to comply with the latter request, as its inspiration and magnetic power cannot be reproduced in these columns; but, as several reports have already been published, we shall be pardoned if we only refer to the occasion in our own way.



## AUSPICIOUS DAY.

On Thursday, A.M., Oct. 7, in the pleasant First Presbyterian Church, a large number of ladies convened. It was a delightful day. The sun shone brightly; and, as his beams played through the beautiful stained glass, we were cheered and enlivened. All the surroundings were propitious. The voice of prayer had scarcely ceased in the temple; the earnest petitions of our brethren, for a blessing to rest upon the meeting, still lingered in the ear; while the cordial welcome given us on the preceding day, as we gathered in the same place for our mothers' meeting, by Rev. F. A. Noble, and Rev. S. S. Scovel (the latter the pastor of the church), was revived, never to be forgotten.

At the right of the lady presiding were a large number of returned missionary ladies, and on the left were the officers of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, and Woman's Board of Missions located in Boston; while the front pews were reserved for delegates of auxiliary societies, and members of kindred associations.

## DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

The hearts of the assembly seemed to flow together, as they sang in unison, "Come, Holy Spirit." A few verses from the 29th chapter of 1st Chronicles, were then read. "Who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort; for all things come of Thee, and of thine own have we given thee," suggested, that deep humility and right apprehension of stewardship were indispensable requisites for the highest success of the enterprise we were seeking to promote.

"We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners as were all our fathers," &c., directed our thoughts above to the "great cloud of witnesses," among whom we believed was the lamented Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, who was with us on our first anniversary, and

who for many years had been present at the annual meeting of the American Board, but who had received the call, "Come up higher," and in her earnest, life-long devotion to missions, "being dead, yet speaketh to us."

The importunate prayer of David, "Give unto Solomon, my son, a perfect heart," &c., led to the consideration, that, like the Psalmist, we are but making "provision" for the rearing of the "gospel temple," that "our children and our children's children" shall be honored "to build," until its dimensions shall fill the whole earth. As we perceived the earnest attention from the body of the house, and the lively sympathy indicated by the occupants of the galleries, in leaning forward to listen, we felt that there were mothers present who would unite in the spirit of the royal prayer, and consecrate their offspring to the work and glory of "Jesus Christ, the chief Corner-stone."

#### REPORTS.

After prayer by Mrs. Dr. Anderson, minutes of the last year's meeting at Norwich, Conn., were then read by Miss Evans, Sec. *pro tem.*, and also a report of the W. B., Boston, by Mrs. Miron Winslow. As these have been published, we forbear to give extracts. The audience then united in singing an original hymn.

#### BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. Professor Bartlett of Chicago, President of the W. B. M. I. was then introduced, and gave a very interesting account of the formation, work, and success of the society she represented. Although not yet one year old, it has received three thousand six hundred dollars, has formed fifty auxiliaries, and employed six ladies in missionary fields. In alluding to its origin, she referred to the Women's Board of Boston as the "elder sister; nay, more, the mother;" and in other remarks upon this point, in connection with the response which followed from the Boston



board, evidenced a very cordial and dear relation existing between these kindred associations. She also read extracts from two letters of recent date, as specimens of many being constantly received from feeble churches, showing their earnest desire to become auxiliaries in the work. One was from a pastor's wife in Wisconsin, enclosing ten dollars, the fruit of self-denial in dispensing with the use of tea. Her statements were very encouraging; and, at the conclusion of them, was sung one verse of the hymn, —

“Blest be the tie that binds.”

#### TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE ZULUS.

Mrs. Wilder, from the Zulus, South Africa, was then presented. She had labored twenty years in one station, north of Natal. “Do you ask,” she said, “if the Zulus need the gospel? We, who have witnessed for long years their extreme degradation, can answer yes, with earnestness. When we first went to them, they were destitute of clothing, save a blue cloth worn about the hips, or an antelope skin trimmed with beads. Their huts looked like bee-hives, without chimneys or floors; and their beds consisted of mats, with wooden stools for pillows. Women are owned by the men, and are paid for at marriage in cattle, and, though degraded by it, are proud to be sold for much cattle; yet, notwithstanding their low condition, they can be reached by the gospel, and it has had a *wonderfully* transforming power. Some of them have been educated, so that they are able to be interpreters for the missionaries. They love to listen to the truth, but say, ‘it goes in one ear and out the other.’ Pray, that, instead, it may sink into their hearts. As they learn to love the Saviour, they want the civilizing influences of clothing, and comforts for their houses. The missionaries’ work has been to try and lift them out of the mire of heathen habits. Prayer meetings and mothers’ meetings have been held among

the women. Mrs. Edwards, who has been sent out by the 'Woman's Board,' Boston, will be a very valuable assistant. The work there is not inviting in itself; but it is done for Christ, and is the same which He came to our world to do."

#### WORK AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

Mrs. Allen of Harpoot followed, in remarks about the Armenians. "They are not heathen, but nominal Christians. We do not have to clear away the rubbish as among the Zulus; but we have a no less arduous work, in clearing away their deeply-rooted superstitions, on which they rely for salvation, rather than on the cross of Christ." She illustrated the power of the gospel among them, by the change it has recently wrought in Palu. A few years ago, they were entirely ignorant of the way of salvation; but recently many conversions have occurred among the women, and eighteen or twenty connected with the female prayer-meeting visit weekly from house to house, to pray and read with the inmates. Five years ago, there was a wife who was violently opposed to the truth converted, and immediately inquired, 'What can I do?' She learned to read, started a girls' school, and, though partly blind, is very useful, and is much beloved by the Armenian women. The work done is glorious, but there is much more needed. Who will do it? How can it be done? This Board is answering the question. But are you willing to give your daughters? There are mothers who feel that it is too great a sacrifice. Christ gave his life? Is it too much for us to ask of you to give your loved ones? Remember the words of Jesus, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

One stanza of the hymn, written for the occasion, "Freely give," was then sung, ending with the lines, —

"Self and all be freely given,  
Freely gave the Lord of heaven."

## FRUITS FROM THE PERSIAN GARDEN.

We were then permitted to listen to words of encouragement from Miss Rice, who for eleven years was the associate of Fidelia Fiske, that sainted woman, whose praise is in all the churches. She said, “ ‘For Christ’s sake’ is the missionary teacher’s motto. ‘For Christ’s sake’ we stand here to speak of the work in distant lands. Our beloved sister, Miss Fiske, was raised up to make a garden for the Lord in the Persian wilderness. I come to bring some of its fruits. Of the seventy-nine graduates from the girls’ seminary, Ooroomiah, all but six left with hope in Christ. Nearly all give us constant joy. Many of them are efficient laborers in the Lord’s vineyard, as Bible-readers, or wives of native preachers. Some of them have been called to suffer persecution for the truth, and have proved steadfast. While the gospel has led many of them to live consistently, it has also enabled them to die triumphantly. One who was connected with the seminary said, in view of death, ‘I am not afraid : Christ will carry me over.’ In delirium, she called for her golden harp, and in her lucid moments sweetly reposed on the bosom of Jesus. Our pupils love to work and pray. They hold little voluntary meetings among the women, and often have answers to prayer. They have a prayer-meeting on Saturday evening. Let all, who love the Ooroomiah school, remember it at that time. Pray for us this winter. Only one word more, dear sisters : it is blessed to labor for Christ.”

## THE ARMENIAN EAR-RINGS.

Mrs. Coffing of Marash next addressed the meeting. “ You say, give us facts. I hold in my hand a pair of ear-rings, with which is connected a fact. In a certain place in Central Turkey, twenty years ago, several men gathered to read the Bible, and one woman was converted. She took off her jewels, and has recently sent her ear-rings to us, to be disposed of for the benefit

of her heathen sisters." The speaker related a number of instances, exhibiting a similar spirit of consecration on the part of the natives.

#### SCHOOL FOR PASTORS' WIVES.

Mrs. Dodd of Marsovan referred to the school under Miss Fritchner's care, as the only one in Western Turkey where pastors' wives are being educated. It is doing a very important work. Pray for that school. She then related many touching incidents of her own missionary life, which deeply moved the audience.

#### SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

Attention was invited to words of counsel from the "mother of missionaries," Mrs. Dr. Anderson of Boston, who suggested, that one great want of the women of the land is more knowledge on these important subjects. She said, "We feel that we can never forget the impressions of this occasion; but they will fade away. What we need, when we leave this meeting, is to make the missionary work a study. One of our auxiliaries regularly takes up missions, one after another, becoming acquainted with its geography, history, &c. Few know how much the minds and hearts of our women may become enlarged, enlightened, and quickened in duty, by such a course."

#### PLEAS FOR PERSIA.

Mrs. Rhea was then introduced. She commenced, "Beloved, greeting," and read from 1 John i. 1-5; remarking, that "she always liked to begin and end with the Bible, for, without it, we are as mariners without a compass. Come with me to an ancient mountain, Ararat;" and, taking her audience with her, described that distant country, Persia, and made a stirring appeal in its behalf.

After a three hours' session of unabated interest, we were compelled to interrupt the earnest and impressive address of Mrs. Rhea, to bring the exercises to a close.

#### POWER OF THE CROSS.

As we looked upon the sunny faces of our missionary sisters, and listened to their cheerful words, we could scarcely realize, that nearly all of them had returned to us, bearing a heavier cross than that which led them forth at first.

A mother, from Turkey, had brought her first-born son; another, from Africa, a son and daughter: all to be left in this land, while they should go back to their distant fields of labor.

Moreover, there were several widows in that missionary group. There was one whose memory never fails to remind her of that weary, suffering journey, when she accompanied her sick husband to the village of Ali Shah. She cannot forget the long hours of that eventful night, when, after "watching, praying, and agonizing" that his precious life might be spared, she was paralyzed with grief, on reaching the "quiet resting-place," to find that the angel convoy had stealthily borne him away to his eternal home, without his having given a farewell "look or word or sign."

And a second, who, in recalling her former work in Turkey, bade her heart-throbs be still, that she might tell the power of Jesus to change the spirits of those wicked men "who murdered her dear husband."

And there was still a third, who often lives over those nightly vigils, when she, too, was written a widow. She had laid her darling babe in the grave, — had watched a long while the strange disease that had attacked her surviving daughter, and which baffled all the remedies at command; and, after weeks of anxious waiting, at length welcomed the physician who had been sent for to her home. But he did not come alone, for the angel of death accompanied him; and that first night he was

called to minister to the husband, who died of cholera, after a few hours' sickness, leaving the mother alone, and the child fatherless.

Yet in neither case was there a regretful or repining word, but only thanksgiving for sustaining grace. True: they had been called to drink at "Marah's" stream; but the healing branch had been cast into the "waters," and they told us only of the "sweetness."

Precious sisters! we cannot let you bear the cross alone. We must rally to your side, and help you in the conflict. We shall never more meet you all in the earthly temple; but we hope to greet you yet again in our "Father's house," where, having "turned many to righteousness," in "the dark places of the earth, amid the habitations of cruelty," you "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

#### PARTING WORDS.

In a few words, the President remarked, that the reports which had been read had exhibited mainly the bright features of our work: but there was another side; and for a moment she lifted the vail, and disclosed heavy burdens and responsibilities borne, because the receipts of the treasury were not equal to the demands, and the laborers were still too few for the "ripening fields." An appeal was then made to the ladies to start an auxiliary in every church. Reference was also made to the quarterly "Life and Light," our organ of communication for missionary intelligence, respecting woman's work in heathen lands. It will be seen to be desirable that it should have a wide circulation; and, as we are a band of voluntary workers, if every one present would act as an agent in its behalf, its efficiency for good would be greatly increased.

Jesus is calling every Christian woman to his service. In the great work of leading heathen women to him, he hath need of each of us. Christian sister, "the Master has come, and is



calling for you." He hath need of you, of your treasures, of your children. We bear the message : echo it from city to village, from hill to valley, and let its reverberations be heard from sea to sea, until the whole earth shall be won by his dying love.

The audience then united in singing the doxology.

#### INSPIRING PROMISES.

Just then, as we were dispersing, we received cheering words, donations, and subscriptions for "Life and Light." The warm grasp of the hand, and the promises, "I will canvass our parish for you ;" "I will start an auxiliary ;" "I will get subscribers," were inspiring, and we hopefully await their realization.



#### A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As the year closes with this number, our friends will greatly aid our work by immediately remitting subscriptions for our next volume. It will be remembered that our terms are fifty cents a year, payable in advance.

We hope that all who love missions will realize the importance of spreading a knowledge of the work ; and we ask every lady who takes this little quarterly to find us one new subscriber, and send the name with her own to "Secretary W. B. M., 33 Permberton Square, Boston."



For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald" for August, September, and October, 1869.

**Obituary**  
OF  
**MRS. SAMUEL HUBBARD.**

BY MRS. DR. ANDERSON.

At our meeting for business in July, Mrs. Hubbard was with us, earnest, cheerful, interested, as she always was, in that which pertained to the prosperity of Zion. On the last Sabbath of July she was called to her heavenly home; and, when we met in August, each one of our number felt personally afflicted.

The varied excellences of Mrs. Hubbard's character are too well known to need any public notice; and religion was so blended with all the doings of her life, that she will live in the hearts of her Christian friends, only to be more and more highly appreciated. And yet, as an Association, we are constrained to give some expression of the feelings which press upon our hearts when we think of the loss we have sustained.

We miss her in our meetings; for she was with us when we first came together, a little company, to consult as to the expediency of forming this Association; and we well remember her decided impulse to go forward. She has seldom been absent from a meeting since, and never seemed more animated and hopeful than at the last meeting which she attended.

But it is not alone in our missionary work that we remember her. With some of us, precious recollections cluster around meetings for prayer and maternal consultations, where impressions were deepened by her presence; and in how many ways of doing good have we felt her influence!

Let us be stimulated by her example; for we can never forget her promptness to meet duty, her zeal in overcoming difficulties, her large-hearted benevolence in planning, her discretion in giving counsel, and her earnest solemnity in seeking the divine blessing upon all our measures.

We know, that, in infinite wisdom and love, she has been taken from us; and doubt not she is now rejoicing in all she was permitted to do while here on earth to promote the good of others.

And may we be hastened in our work to be more faithful and diligent in all we design to do for the salvation of others, knowing that there is no work nor device in the grave, to which we are all hastening.



## Children's Corner.

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### A BEAUTIFUL SUM IN ADDITION.

BY A MISSIONARY LADY.

EVERY Wednesday afternoon I have a prayer-meeting with the girls; and week before last, while reading to them that beautiful first chapter of 2d Peter, I recalled one lovely warm afternoon in F——, my childhood's home, when we were having a church-meeting in the dear old vestry. I love to think over the morning prayer, and afternoon church-meetings, and verily believe that many a saint now in glory remembers, too, that dear old vestry! I recollect a remark of my honored father, then the pastor, as he commented on the chapter. He said, "The apostle has given us a beautiful sum in addition." This was the key-note of an afternoon prayer-meeting, that should take place years afterwards, on India's burning plains.

The thought was just suited to our girls. Their minds greatly enjoy such. Imagine their forty dusky faces, and wondering looks, as I told them that they knew I had given them many "sums" in arithmetic, but that I now had a new one, a beautiful sum in addition, found in this chapter. This surprised them all; and, while some turned over the Testament leaves, others were suspicious that this would do no good, and awaited my explanation. So I said, —

"Look at the fifth verse, and you will find it. It is to be performed not only mentally, but with all your best efforts; and there is a reward to any one of you who does this, which is as

grand as you can wish." Even the youngest followed me eagerly as I developed my meaning. I asked little H., who is most expert in mental arithmetic, if she thought it would be too hard for her. "It isn't like our common sums?" she asked. "It says 'giving all diligence,' — that is right for a difficult lesson, is it not?" I answered. A., who had been studying over her Bible, glanced up with a knowing smile, and exclaimed, "I know you mean something about the soul." — "We'll see," I replied: "let us add. Can you add as fast as I can speak?" — "No, no!" said half a dozen voices at once. "It is a problem for our souls," I continued, and every head was bent over a Testament. "What must you possess in order to begin to add this wonderful sum?" — "Faith," said they in a breath. "Perhaps you may not be able to do all this at once, and you will notice that you can have a special work for every day in the week. What part may you add on Sunday?" — "Virtue," was the full response. "Monday?" — "Knowledge." — "Tuesday?" — "Temperance." And so on, I, of course, finding many pleasant thoughts by the way; and all were greatly interested. When we came to the reward to those who do the work faithfully, it was one of those impressive moments when you know that the blessed truth of God's word is sinking into the heart. "Neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and then followed even more solemnity as I said, "Only see, — you who are unfaithful learners in God's word, — what is your condition? 'But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.' And to all those who are faithful, only hear: 'For so an inheritance shall be administered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'" I could not help adding, "My care and teaching of you will soon cease: there are only three weeks more of our school connection; 'wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them.'"

Severy Ammal, the school ayah, or matron, closed our meeting with one of her fervent prayers; and then the girls followed me down the steps in that crowded quiet way that they have when their hearts are in any wise made tender.

“Are we all going to do this ‘sum’ in addition?” I said, turning to receive their salaams.

“By the grace of God helping us, we must try,” responded that warm-hearted woman, whose Christian virtues are already added one upon another, so that we say, “We know that for her there is ‘an abundant entrance’!”

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## JENNY'S MISSION-CIRCLE.

### A TRUE NARRATIVE.

“May I go with you to the missionary meeting?” asked Jenny, bounding into the room from the play-ground.

“Are your lessons ready?” inquired the mother. “Yes, ma’am, and I’ve nothing to do but roll hoop, dress my doll, or play croquet; and, if I do only these things, I feel like such a little girl: and I shall not know how to act when I am a woman. I want to see what the grown-up folks are about!” Mrs. Worth was glad to take her daughter with her; for, since the ladies had formed their Auxiliary Society, they had not had a dull meeting. A returned missionary was present; and, as Jenny heard her tell about the poor heathen mothers and children, the tears filled her bright eyes, and she longed to help them. But what could she do? She resolved to save all the money given her for candy: it cost her a great struggle, but when it was past, how happy she felt! “O mother!” she exclaimed, on the way home, “what a live meeting! How much better than bug-ology and murder-ology!” (referring to

catching insects for the Natural-History class.) “ Jesus was a real missionary, as the lady said ; and he came to seek and to save that which was lost : I’ll tell you my secret, mother dear, and don’t you tell, till I’m ready. I’m going to start a mission-circle, and call it ‘The Seek-and-Save Society.’ ” — “ But where are the five dollars coming from ? ” — “ I shall give all my candy money, — that is one dollar a year. If I am not very big, my dollar’s just as big as anybody’s, and I can belong to a society ! ” So the dollar was put into the green mission-box.

The next day, at school recess, Jenny found time to interest the girls in missions. She was such a wide-awake little budget, and had so much heart in what she said, that she was the leaven of the school ; and one and another resolved to save their pennies for missions, instead of spending them for trifles.

Jenny enjoyed play ; but on Saturday morning, after breakfast, she said to her mother, “ What am I to do all this long day ? I wish I could earn something for my mission-circle. ” — “ I will hire you, ” replied Mrs. Worth. “ If you will dust the parlor and library each day for a month, I will pay you a dollar ! ” The child’s eyes sparkled with joy ; and, singing like a busy bee, she went to work. When the month came round, punctual to the day, she said to her mother in her lively way, “ Now for my dollar ! ”

“ Well done, Jenny : you have faithfully earned the money, ” was the cheerful reply, as she paid her the dollar, which was quickly put in the box. Thus the little maiden started her mission-circle through self-denial and willing labor, and was never so happy in spending for herself. Yes ; and if she is really a Christian, and continues faithful to the Saviour, and at last shall meet in heaven some little ones saved from serving idols through her means, how she will rejoice, and praise God !

E. C. P.

## HARRY'S STRATAGEM.

BY MISS HELEN C. PEARSON.

"I can't afford it," John Hale the rich farmer answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied: "is it not too bad they cannot have churches and schoolhouses and books?"

"What do *you* know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it!"

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and, day after day, puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said, —

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, settling his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and, when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels, and, when sold, the amount realized was with a glad heart put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed, —

“ Why, I did not feel that donation in the least ! And, Harry, I’ve been thinking, that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.”

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home ?



## SUNDAY SCHOLARS IN INDIA.

BY A LIFE-MEMBER.

Yesterday I heard that you had sent me some money. How much I thank you ! It takes two months for a letter to come from America ; and, although I write at once, you must be kept waiting four long months to know that it is received.

Every Sunday morning you will see our church open, and boys with their teachers coming to service. One school, numbering fifteen, comes five miles ; another of eighteen, four miles ; and one of about twelve, three miles. Still another, very near us, numbers fifty boys. They recite verses from the Bible, and also about ten questions from a catechism called “ Sweet Savour of Divine Truth,” and from one entitled “ Divine Milk ;” the boys asking each other the questions.

After the lessons have been recited, we give them a banana, or a kind of boiled rice beaten into flakes. Many of them come so far that they need food ; and that is why we give them a little fruit, or something which they can carry in their cloths. Then they repeat the Lord’s prayer in concert, and are dismissed.

Our Sunday-school boys do not look much like those in America. Their hair is shaven from their heads, except a little lock upon the crown. A white cloth is tied around the waist, reaching to the knees. This is their only clothing. Now and



then a boy has a jacket. They all have very bright eyes and very white teeth. They never can forget these Bible-verses, and lessons from the catechism ; and though their parents are heathen, we hope they will become Christians. Some will repeat from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty verses, giving the chapter, &c., and many will recite a hundred. Do not forget our Sunday-school children in India !

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### MERCY-SEATS UNDER THE CACTUS-BUSHES.

Said the missionary's little daughter to her mamma, one evening, "It seems as if it was very easy for the school-girls to pray."

On being questioned, she added, "Sometimes I find G. under a bush, and sometimes R. and K. together ; and, oh ! any time now I may see a girl praying somewhere."

A young native Christian girl, who was undressing the children, said, "This *is* a nice place : there are so many bushes all about, that we can go any time and pray."

The missionary mother further remarks, "Outside our compound walls are many clumps of the prickly cactus ; and, the ground being somewhat undulating, I can easily see how our heavenly Father has made little 'mercy-seats' for my school-girls, whom I have so longed to lead to him with a simple confiding heart. It must delight the angels, who see an idol shrine under every clump of green trees, to look down upon my school-girls here and there, by the rough cactus, offering heart-incense, however unworthy, more fragrant than the perfumed sandal-wood. It would be unspeakably sweet to me to look down from heaven upon them."

## The Little Hindoo.

EMILY C. PEARSON.

I.

“ I am a little Hindoo girl,  
 Of Jesus never heard ;  
 Oh ! pity me, dear Christian child,  
 And send to me his Word.  
 Oh ! pity me ; for I have grief  
 So great I cannot tell ;  
 And say if truly there’s a heaven,  
 Where such as me can dwell ? ”

II.

That pleading voice was borne across  
 The rolling ocean wide :  
 Forthwith the children, touched with love  
 Of Him who bled and died,  
 Said, “ Here’s our money, little girl,  
 To buy God’s word for you :  
 We wish ’twere more, a thousand fold,  
 And you should have it too !

III.

“ We’ve heard of Jesus, and we know  
 The way of life full well ;  
 ‘ Let children come to me,’ he says,  
 ‘ And they shall with me dwell.’  
 Ever with him ! with hearts renewed,  
 And ‘ badness ’ all forgiven ;  
 For He has said, who never fails,  
 ‘ Of such the realm of heaven.’ ”

IV.

“ We’ll speed Christ’s gospel o’er the earth  
 To each dear child so sad.  
 If one soul saved gives angels joy  
 How will all heaven be glad !  
 And if at last we reach the shore  
 Where sorrow is unknown,  
 We hope to greet thee, Hindoo girl,  
 Safe, safe before the throne.”





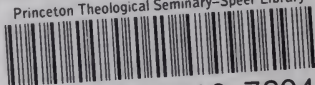
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